

KNEW SHE WAS GONE...

YOU HAVEN'T
OPENED YOUR
PRESENT.



I'M SURE IT'S UNGODLY
EXPENSIVE, EXQUISITELY VULGAR,
AND THOUGHTFULLY PICKED
OUT BY AN ASSISTANT, SO OF
COURSE I'M DELIRIOUS
WITH JOY.

TELL ME
ABOUT THE
RAID.

NOT MUCH TO TELL. I WAS
TRYING TO RETRIEVE OUR
DAUGHTER THAT FOR SOME
REASON WHILE SHE WAS UNDER
YOUR CARE, RAN AWAY...

AND



ANYWAY.
ENOUGH RUDE TALK OF
THE DEAD. A TOAST. TO US.
FRANCESCA, AND OUR
TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF
BLISS...



IT'S QUITE ALL
RIGHT, FRANCESCA.
I CAN ONLY IMAGINE
HOW MUCH MORE
TIME CONSUMING
THAT ENDEAVOR
HAS BECOME OVER
THE YEARS.

THINK
NOTHING OF IT.
NO AMOUNT OF EFFORT
IS TOO GREAT IF IT
MEANS PLEASING MY
OH-SO-CHARMING
HUSBAND.

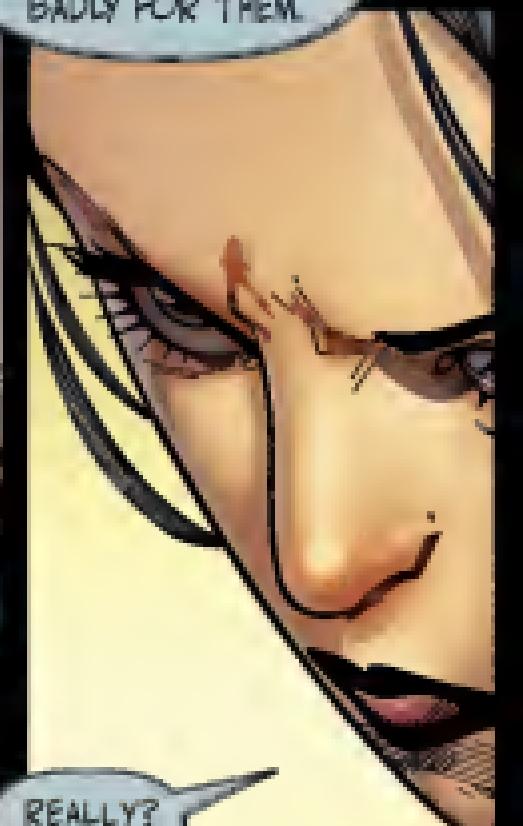
"...WHY YOU'RE
LOOKING FOR
MORGAN
STRYKER."

CYBER FURCE



AND SOMEHOW WOUND UP THE CAPTIVE OF RENEGADE SHOCS. WHICH TURNED OUT RATHER BADLY FOR THEM.

INTERESTING THING THOUGH. APPARENTLY SHE WAS LOOKING FOR MORGAN STRYKER.





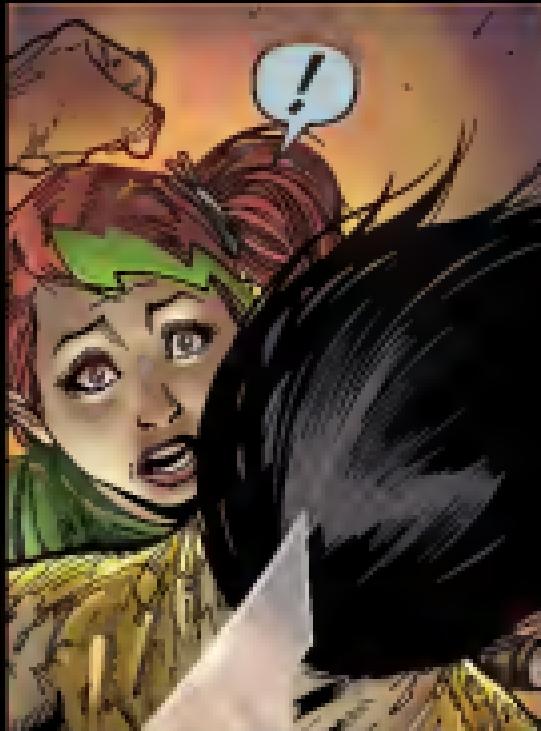
AWW, JESUS. HERE
WE GO WITH THE EFFIN'
DOG AGAIN. C'MON,
ROBERT. THIS STORY
MAKES FARTING

THAT'S NOT THE
ONLY THING --

QUIET...

GET...
Boo







I'M NOT
MAKING IT
UP.

ROBERT, YOU'RE
NOT BUYING INTO
ANY OF THIS, ARE
YOU?



ARES,
PLEASE.

SO YOU'RE
SAYING THAT CDI
USES COMPUTERS
TO INFLUENCE THE
COURSE OF
MANKIND?



MAGIC GLITTER SOUND
REASONABLE. LOOK,
STRYKER'S A SLICK
BASTARD BUT THERE'S
NO WAY HE COULD
HAVE HID THIS
FROM US.

ARES,
STOP.

IT DOESN'T MAKE ANY SENSE. STRYKER
TOLD US NONE OF THIS... BUT YOU'RE
SAYING HE KNEW ABOUT THE APHRODITE
PROTOCOL? YOU'RE
CERTAIN?



ABSOLUTELY
THAT'S WHY WE
GOTTA FIND HIM AND



ONLY THREE
BOTTLES LEFT IN
THE ENTIRE WORLD. I
NEED TO CHOOSE MY
OCCASIONS MORE
CAREFULLY.

THANK YOU, MARIA.
I'LL RING IF WE NEED
ANYTHING.

DARLING, YOU
HAVEN'T UTTERED TWO
WORDS ALL EVENING. THERE WAS A
TIME WHEN YOU USED TO TALK
INCESSANTLY.

WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL
ME YOU WERE SENDING
YOUR PET PSYCHOPATH
DOLOROSSA AFTER OUR
DAUGHTER?

I DIDN'T WANT TO
TROUBLE YOU, DEAR. MY
INTENT WAS TO HAVE HER
HOME BEFORE YOU EVEN
KNEW SHE WAS GOING.

SHIK

SHIK

SHIT! BASKEY
AND CROWE ARE
DOWN!

AAAKGH!



DON'T HARM THE
GIRL. AS FOR THE
GUY, TWO MORE LEAVES

TOP COW



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®

WATCH
THOSE BLADES!
HRRRAUGH!

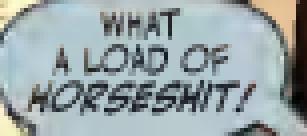
WORKS.

DAMN IT!
TAGGART, HE'S
BEHIND YOU -
URRRK!

BLAMM BLAMM

EEEEEAGH!

"HAPPY ANNIVERSARY,
MY DEAR."



WHAT
A LOAD OF
HORSESHIT!



I THINK IT'S
TIME YOU TOLD
US...

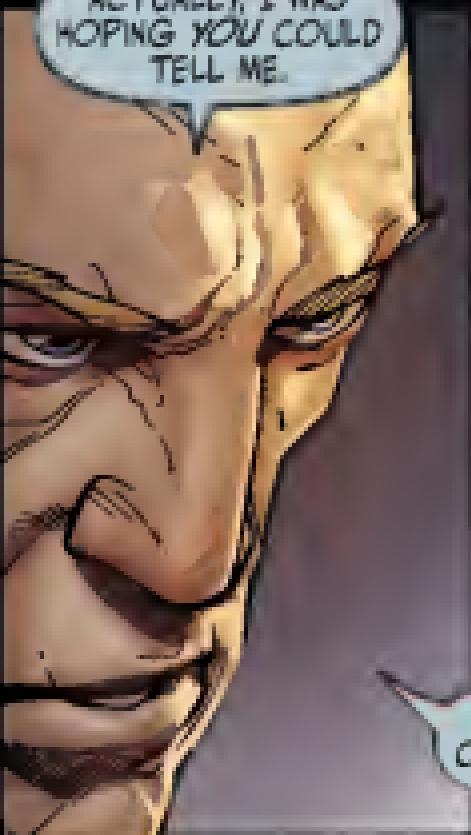
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MASTER SUITE,
SIR, TAKING HER
BATH.

TYPICAL. TELL
HER TO HURRY UP. I
NEED TO GET BACK
TO THE OFFICE.

OF COURSE,
SIR. OH, AND HER
PRESENT IS
WRAPPED AND ON
THE TABLE.

DARLING,
YOU'RE HOME.
SORRY TO KEEP
YOU WAITING BUT I
WANTED TO MAKE
MYSELF BEAUTIFUL
FOR YOU ON
OUR SPECIAL
EVENING.



ACTUALLY, I WAS
HOPING YOU COULD
TELL ME.



WHY WOULD I KNOW?
THE MAN IS LONG DEAD.
AND LONG PAST ANY
CONCERN OF MINE.

OF
COURSE.



AND THIS
PROTOCOL
IS ABOUT
DESTROYING
IT?

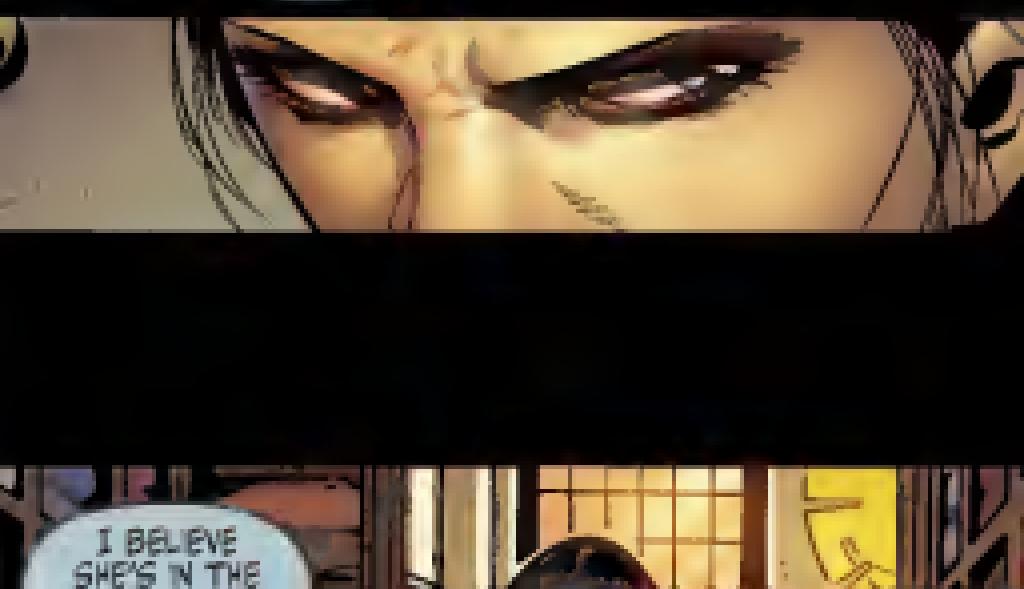
YEAH, AND THEY
EVEN KNOW THE
DATE WHEN IT ALL
GOES DOWN!

ALL THAT STUFF ABOUT AN AMAZING FUTURE
FULL OF JET PACKS AND FLYING CARS THEY'VE
BEEN SELLING PEOPLE IS JUST A
BUNCH OF CRAP.

ALL THEY
REALLY WANNA
DO IS KILL



WHERE'S
MY WIFE?



I BELIEVE
SHE'S IN THE

Marc Silvestri

Creator, Co-Writer,
Character Design, Art Director

Khoi Pham

Penciller

Sunny Gho

Colorist

Stjepan Sejic

Final Art Polish

Matt Hawkins

Co-Writer

Sal Regla &

Khoi Pham

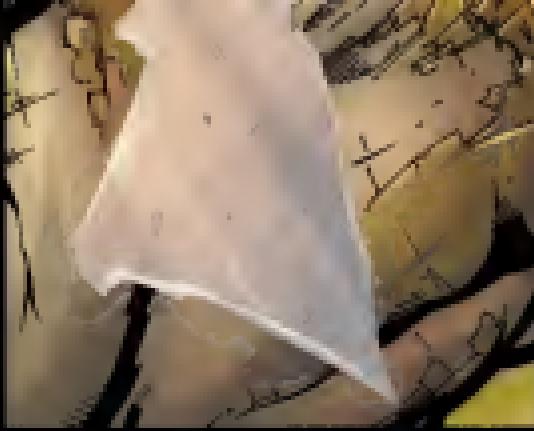
Inkers

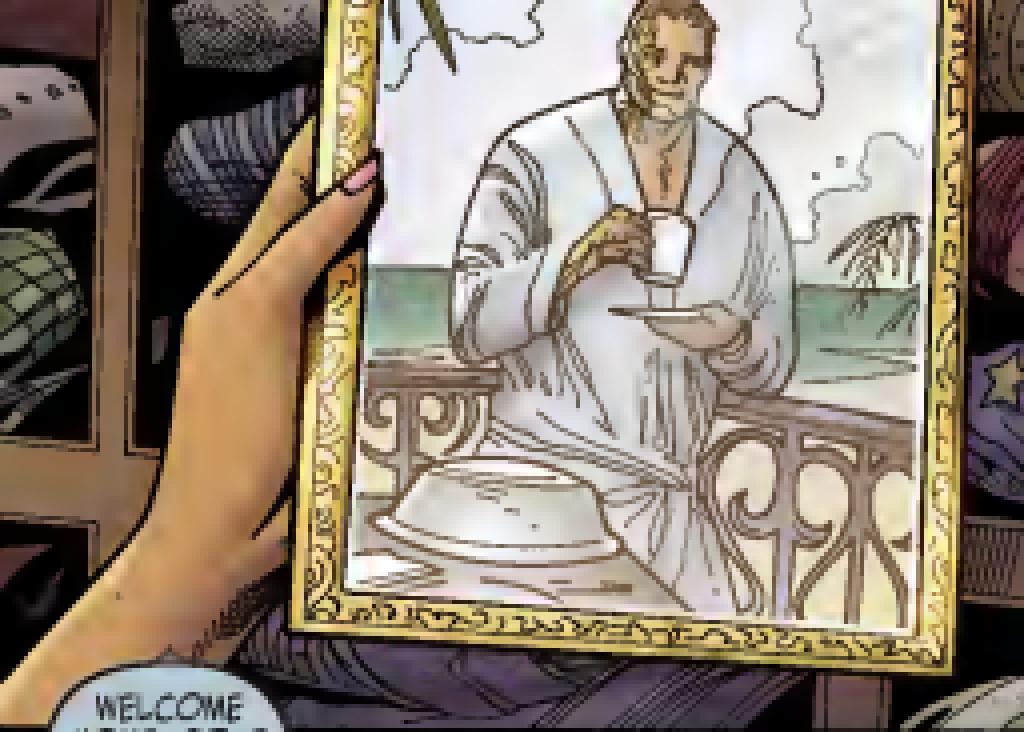
Troy Peteri

Letterer









WELCOME
HOME, SIR. I
TRUST YOUR
DAY WAS A
PLEASANT
ONE?

DO IS ALL
EVERYBODY
AND START
OVER!

OH FOR...
HOW THE HELL
WOULD YOU
KNOW THIS?

MY... DOG
TOLD ME.

HE ALSO TOLD ME THAT SOMETHING GOT MESSED
UP IN THE CALCULATIONS A WHILE AGO AND CDI IS
GOING TO DO SOMETHING TERRIBLE TO FIX IT. A
LOT OF PEOPLE ARE GONNA DIE IN LIKE A
COUPLE OF DAYS-

OTHER TWO, JUST LEAVE
ENOUGH TISSUE TO
IDENTIFY THEM.



BOOM BOOM BOOM

BOOM
BOOM
BOOM

ARES GO FELL

DOOM

